Uncle Eb's hair was white now, and the voices of the swift and the panther had grown mild and tremulous and unsatisfactory and even absurd. Time had tamed the monsters of that imaginary wilderness, and I had begun to lose my respect for them. But one fear had remained with me as I grew older—the fear of the night man. Every boy and girl in the valley trembled at the mention of him. Many a time I had held awake in the late evening to hear the men talk of him before they went asleep—Uncle Eb and Tip Taylor. I remember a night when Tip said in a low, awesome tone that he was a ghost. The word carried into my soul the first thought of its great and fearful mystery.

"Years and years ago," said he, "there was a boy by the name of Nehemiah Brower. An' he killed another boy once by accident an' run away an' was drownded."

"Drownded!" said Uncle Eb. "How?"

"In the ocean," the first answered, gaping. "Went away off round the world, an' they got a letter that said he was drownded on his way to Van Dieman's Land."

"To Van Dieman's Land!"

"Yes, an' some say the night man is the ghost o' the one he killed."

I remember waking that night and hearing excited whispers at the window near my bed. It was very dark in the room, and at first I could not tell who was there.

"Don't you see him?" Tip whispered.

"Where?" I heard Uncle Eb ask.

"Under the pine trees. See him move."

At that time I was up at the window myself and could plainly see the dark figure of a man standing under the little pine below us.

"The night man, I guess," said Uncle Eb. "But he won't do no harm. Let him alone. He's goin' away now."

We saw him disappear behind the trees, and then we got back into our beds again. I covered my head with the bedclothes and said a small prayer for the poor night man.

And in this atmosphere of mystery and adventure among the plain folk of Faraway, whose care of me when I was in great need and whose love of me always I count among the priceless treasures of God's providence, my childhood passed. And the day came near when I was to begin to play my poor part in the world.

It was a time of new things, that winter when I saw the end of my fifteenth year. Then I began to enjoy the finer humors of life in Faraway, to see with understanding and by God's grace to feel.

The land of play and fear and fable was now far behind me, and I had begun to feel the infinite in the ancient forest, in the everlasting hills, in the deep of heaven, in all the ways of men. Hope Brower was now near woman grown. She had a beauty of face and form that was the talk of the countryside. I have traveled far and seen many a fair face, but never one more to my eye. I have heard men say she was like a girl out of a story book those days.

Late years something had come between us. Long ago we had fallen out of each other's confidence, and ever since she had seemed to shun me. I began to play with boys and she with girls. And it made me miserable to hear the boys a bit older than I gossip of her beauty and accuse each other of the sweet disgrace of love.

But I must hasten to those events in Faraway that shaped our destinies. And first comes that memorable night when I had the privilege of escorting Hope to the school lyceum, where the argument of Jed Feary, poet of the hills, fired my soul with an ambition that has remained with me always.

Uncle Eb suggested that I ask Hope to go with me.

"Prance right up to her," he said, "an' say you'd be glad of the pleasure of her company."

It seemed to me a very dubious thing to do. I looked thoughtful and turned red in the face.

"Young man," he continued, "the boy thet's 'fraid o' women 'll never hev whiskers."

"How's that?" I inquired.

"Be scairt t' death," he answered, "'fore they've hed time t' start. Ye want t' step right up t' the rack jes' if ye'd bought an' paid fer yerself an' was proud o' yer bargain."

I took his advice, and when I found Hope alone in the parlor I came and asked her, very awkwardly as I now remember, to go with me.

She looked at me, blushing, and said she would ask her mother.

And she did, and we walked to the schoolhouse together that evening, her hand holding my arm timidly, the most serious pair that ever struggled with the problem of deportment on such an occasion. I was oppressed with a heavy sense of responsibility in every word I uttered.

Ann Jane Foster, known as "Scooter Jane," for her rapid walk and stiff carriage, met us at the corners on her way to the schoolhouse.

"Big turnout, I guess," said she. "Jed Feary an' Squire Town is comin' over from Jingleville an' all the big guns 'll be there. I love t' hear Jed Feary speak. He's so techin'."

Ann Jane was always looking around for some event likely to touch her feelings. She went to every funeral in Faraway, and when sorrow was scarce in her own vicinity journeyed far in quest of it.

"Wouldn't wonder 'f the fur flew when they git t' goin'," she remarked, and then hurried on, her head erect, her body motionless, her legs flying. Such energy as she gave to the pursuit of mourning I have never seen equaled in any other form of dissipation.

The schoolhouse was nearly full of people when we came in. The big boys were wrestling in the yard. Men were lounging on the rude seats inside idly discussing crops and cattle and lapsing into silence frequently that bore the signs both of expectancy and reflection. Young men and young women sat together on one side of the house whispering and giggling. Alone among them was the big and eccentric granddaughter of Mrs. Bisnette, who was always slapping some youngster for impertinence. Jed Feary and Squire Town sat together behind a pile of books, both looking very serious. The long hair and beard of the old poet were now white and his form bent with age. He came over and spoke to us and took a curl of Hope's hair in his stiffened fingers and held it to the lamplight.

"What silky gold!" he whispered. "'S a skein o' fate, my dear girl!"

Suddenly the schoolteacher rapped on the desk and bade us come to order, and Ransom Walker was called to the chair.

"Thet there is talent in Faraway township," he said, having reluctantly come to the platform, "and talent of the very highest order, no one can deny who has ever attended a lyceum at the Howard schoolhouse. I see evidences of talent in every face before me. And I wish to ask what are the two great talents of the Yankee—talents that made our forefathers famous the world over? I pause for an answer."

He had once been a schoolmaster, and that accounted for his didactic style.

"What are the two great talents of the Yankee?" he repeated, his hands clasped before him.

"Doughnuts an' pie," said Uncle Eb, who sat in a far corner.

"No, sir," Mr. Walker answered. "There's some hev a talent fer sawin' wood, but we don't count that. It's war an' speakin'—they are the two great talents of the Yankee. But his greatest talent is the gift o' gab. Give him a chance t' talk it over with his enemy, an' he'll lick 'im without a fight. An' when his enemy is another Yankee—why, they both git licked, jest as it was in the case of the man thet sold me lightnin' rods. He was sorry he done it before I got through with him. If we did not encourage this talent in our sons they would be talked to death by our daughters. Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me pleasure t' say that the best speakers in Faraway township have come here t' discuss the important question:

"'Resolved, That intemperance has caused more misery than war.'

"I call upon Moses Tupper to open for the affirmative."

Moses, who rose to respond, had a most unlovely face, with a thin and bristling growth of whiskers. In giving him features nature had been generous to a fault. He had a large red nose and a mouth vastly too big for any proper use. It was a mouth fashioned for odd sayings. He was well to do and boasted often that he was a self made man. Uncle Eb used to say that if Mose Tupper had had the "makin' uv himself he'd oughter done it more careful."

I remember not much of the speech he made, but the picture of him as he rose on tiptoe and swung his arms like a man fighting bees and his drawling tones are as familiar as the things of yesterday.

"Gentlemen an' ladies," said he presently, "let me show you a pictur'. It is the drunkard's child. It is hungry, an' there ain't no food in its home. The child is poorer 'n a straw fed hoss. 'Tain't hed a thing t' eat since day before yistiddy. Pictur' it to yourselves as it comes cryin' to its mother an' says:

"'Ma, gi' me a piece o' bread an' butter.'

"She covers her face with her apron an' says she, 'There ain' none left, my child.'

"An' bime by the child comes ag'in an' holds up its poor little han's an' says, 'Ma, please gi' me a piece o' cake.' "An' she goes an' looks out o' the winder er mebbe pokes the fire an' says, 'There ain' none left, my child.'

"An' bime by it comes ag'in, an' it says, 'Please gi' me a little piece o' pie.'

"An' she mebbe flops into a chair an' says, sobbin', 'There ain' none left, my child.'

"No pie! Now, Mr. Chairman," exclaimed the orator as he lifted both hands high above his head, "if this ain't misery, in God's name what is it?

"Years ago, when I was a young man, Mr. President, I went to a dance one night at the village of Migleyville. I got a toothache, an' the devil tempted me with whisky, an' I tuk one glass an' then another, an' purty soon I begun t' think I was a mighty hefty sort of a character, I did, an' I stud on a corner an' stumped everybody t' fight with me, an' bime by an accommodatin' kind of a chap come along, an' that's all I remember o' what happened. When I come to my coat tails had been tore off, I'd lost one leg o' my trousers, a bran new silver watch, tew dollars in money an' a pair o' spectacles. When

Swung his arms like a man fighting bees.

I stud up an' tried t' realize what hed happened I felt jes' like a blind rooster with only one leg an' no tail feathers."

A roar of laughter followed these frank remarks of Mr. Tupper and broke into a storm of merriment when Uncle Eb rose and said:

"Mr. President, I hope you see that the misfortunes of our friend was due t' war an' not to intemperance."

Mr. Tupper was unhorsed. For some minutes he stood helpless or shaking with the emotion that possessed all. Then he finished lamely and sat down.

The narrowness of the man that saw so much where there was so little in his own experience and in the trivial events of his own township was what I now recognize as most valuable to the purpose of this history. It was a narrowness that covered a multitude of people in St. Lawrence county in those days.

Jed Feary was greeted with applause and then by respectful silence when he rose to speak. The fame of his verse and his learning had gone far beyond the narrow boundaries of the township in which he lived. It was the biggest thing in the county. Many a poor sinner who had gone out of Faraway to his long home got his first praise in the obituary poem by Jed Feary. These tributes were generally published in the county paper and paid for by the relatives of the deceased at the rate of a dollar a day for the time spent on them or by a few days of board and lodging—glory and consolation that was, alas, too cheap, as one might see by a glance at his forlorn figure.

I shall never forget the courtly manner, so strangely in contrast with the rude deportment of other men in that place, with which he addressed the chairman and the people. The drawling dialect of the vicinity that flavored his conversation fell from him like a mantle as he spoke, and the light in his soul shone upon that little company—a great light, as I now remember, that filled me with burning thoughts of the world and its mighty theater of action. The way of my life lay clear before me as I listened and its days of toil and the sweet success my God has given me, although I take it humbly and hold it infinitely above my merit. I was to get learning and seek some way of expressing what was in me.

It would ill become me to try to repeat the words of this venerable seer, but he showed that intemperance was an individual sin, while war was a national evil. That one meant often the ruin of a race, the other the ruin of a family; that one was as the ocean, the other as a single drop in its waters. And he told us of the fall of empires and the millions that had suffered the oppression of the conqueror and perished by the sword of Agamemnon.

After the debate a young lady read a literary paper full of clumsy wit, rude chronicles of the countryside, essays on "Spring" and like topics—the work of the best talent of Faraway. Then came the decision, after which the meeting adjourned.

At the door some boys tried "to cut me out." I came through the noisy crowd, however, with Hope on my arm and my heart full of a great happiness.

"Did you like it?" she asked.

"Very much," I answered.

"What did you enjoy most?"

"Your company," I said, with a fine air of gallantry.

"Honestly?"

"Honestly. I want to take you to Rickard's some time."

This was indeed a long cherished hope.

"Maybe I won't let you," she said.

"Wouldn't you?"

"You'd better ask me some time and see."

"I shall. I wouldn't ask any other girl."

"Well," she added, with a sigh, "if a boy likes one girl I don't think he ought to have anything to do with other girls. I hate a flirt."

I happened to hear a footfall in the snow behind us, and, looking back, saw Ann Jane Foster going slow in easy hearing. She knew all, as we soon found out.

"I dew jes' love t' see young folks enjoy themselves," said she. "It's entrancin'!"

Coming in at our gate, I saw a man going over the wall back of the big stables. The house was dark.

"Did you see the night man?" Elizabeth Brower whispered as I lit the lamp. "Went through the garden just now. I've been watching him here at the window."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN AUSTRIAN CUSTOM.

How the Curious Law About Closing Houses at Night Operates.

One of the oddest of the Austrian customs is the result of legislation. According to law, every house must be closed from 10 o'clock at night until 6 o'clock the following morning. During that time each house is in charge of an attendant known as the "hausbesorger," or caretaker. In large apartment buildings this hausbesorger is usually a uniformed porter. Every person entering the house between 10 at night and 6 in the morning must pay to the hausbesorger 20 hellers (4 cents).

This gives rise to a curious condition. Naturally the man who comes home at early hours need not necessarily pay anything, while the man who habitually gets in at 2 or 3 in the morning is a frequent contributor to the hausbesorger's bank account. Inquiry of the hausbesorger concerning Mr. A may result in the startling information that he is a most disreputable, mean sort of man, while the nighthawk Mr. B will undoubtedly be lauded as a splendid fellow of excellent reputation. As a conservator of the public morals, therefore, the hausbesorger can hardly be called a success.—Outlook.

English in Switzerland.

Some odd English is found in a guide book published by the Association of Hotel Keepers of Switzerland. Brevity is the object of the compilers. Thus the Aigle Grand hotel promises "bill., rest., physic. at the estabi." It is only after reflection that the reader's wonder at finding a "bill" among the attractions is allayed by the stop! "Bill." means billiards; probably "Rest" can be had elsewhere than in Aigle. But "rest." means restaurant and "physic." physician. Another hotel at Aigle enjoys "corroborative air."

A Brave Woman.

At all times men knew the Duchess de Gramont as a plain, homely, frank and ruthlessly outspoken woman and called her the "pockmarked duchess." Condemned to death by the revolutionary committee in Paris, she said to it, "You are quite right to kill me, for I hate you all." And a little later, when she was late at her own execution and the headsman impatiently bade her hurry, she answered, "On y va, canaille!"

What He Needed.

Patient—Why are you going to operate on me? Young Doctor—Because I need the money. Patient—Well, that's all right. I didn't know but you was going to operate on me because you needed the experience.—Judge.

Men and Clocks.

She—A clock is different from a man. He—In what respect? She—When it strikes it keeps on working.

When Wooing Jane

By FANNIE HAESLIP LEA

Jane came slowly down the stairway, hesitated a moment at the library door, then gave herself a mental push and entered.

"I'm sorry I've kept you waiting," she said sweetly, trailing her violet chiffons across the polished floor. The big man beside the fireplace ignored preliminaries. He looked from her eyes to the cluster of double violets on her breast.

"I see you got my flowers—and the message."

She nodded. "The violets are dear—and I'm sorry you're going away. It isn't for long, is it?" with timid hesitation.

"For good and all. I leave tonight on the 11 o'clock train, so that I haven't much time."

"Oh, tonight!" said Jane and sat down with apparent indifference and a real need for support.

He leaned one elbow on the mantelshelf and towered over her.

"They've given me a splendid place in South Carolina. It's what I have been waiting for, and it's come like a shot. I only got the appointment today."

"I congratulate you," said Jane, wondering what there was in the world to live for, after all.

He looked at her for a moment in silence, and she looked at her violets through a queer grayish mist.

"Jane," he said at last, "you know what it is I want to ask you, don't you?"

Jane's heart missed a beat unaccountably, then throbbed like mad to make up for lost time. She tried to speak.

"Ja-ane," called a voice in the hall. "Where are you, Jane?"

"She's in the library," Jane heard her sister answer. "Sister, here's Lillian."

"Just a minute," pleaded Jane half aloud and ran out of the room.

Thurston heard a murmur of voices in the hall.

"I won't stay—no, indeed, I won't," said one, and another, Jane's own, answered—he realized with satisfaction, not quite regretfully—"I wish you would."

There was a soft flurry of skirts, a nervous little laugh, and Jane came slowly back into the room.

"It was Lillian," she explained. "We run in on each other at all hours, and she didn't know you were here, so she wouldn't"—

"I haven't much time," said Thurston gently. "Let's not waste it on Lillian. Do you remember what I was saying?"

Jane remembered.

"Tell me, then," said the man, "is it worth while my saying it—don't we"—

"Some one's coming," breathed Jane, and Thurston released her hands just in time.

"Jane," said a mild voice from the door, "the maid said your mother was here. Why do you have the room so dark, child? I can't see a thing. Why don't you light another lamp?"

"Oh, Aunt Jane," cried her namesake, stepping forward with weak effusiveness and presenting a dutiful cheek to be kissed. "This is Mr. Thurston—you remember him, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Jane, "yes, indeed. I suppose you're one of the Indiana Thurstons? I had a very dear friend once, Harriet Barnes, who married a Thurston from Indiana. Any connection of yours?"

"Not that I know of," rejoined Thurston, with tense politeness. "We are a New York family."

"I never heard of that branch," said Aunt Jane, with an air that discredited it at once. "Where did you say your mother was, Janie?"

"Upstairs, dear Aunt Jane. She'll be so glad"—

"Are you quite well, Janie?" asked the old lady suddenly. "Your cheeks are so flushed and your hands are quite cold; you're not shivering, are you? She's such an imprudent thing, Mr. Thurston."

"Aunt Jane!" called a voice from the head of the stairway. And Aunt Jane departed.

They waited till the door had closed behind her. "Another half hour gone," said Thurston, with angry tenderness. "Your hands are cold and your cheeks the prettiest pink. Is it because you"—

"Oh, wait," she pleaded, drawing away from him. "I'm sure I heard some one in the hall—please."

"I don't care if the whole world were just outside the door, and it apparently is," said Thurston. "I want you to answer the question I've been trying to ask all the evening—will you"—

"There is some one," whispered Jane hysterically, and flinging herself into a chair just as Bobby Martin, noisily cheerful and sure of welcome, burst into the room.

"Just got a wire," he cried gayly. "Passed my exams, Jane. I knew you'd be dying to hear, so I thought I'd run over and let you know. Hello, Thurston! Isn't it bully, Jane? I'm going up next week."

"How do you do?" said Thurston furiously.

"Perfectly fine," said Jane, endeavoring vainly to inject some enthusiasm into her tone. "You can't think how glad I am, Bobby."

"I knew you'd say so," Bobby agreed cheerfully, coiling his awkward length into the Morris chair. "But I tell you it was no joke, cramming for those beastly things—came near flunking the German—ach du lieber—six pages of translation. Ever flunk an exam, Thurston?"

"No," said Thurston savagely.

"Bully for you! I say, Jane, there's a fellow in the crew says he thinks I might get on if I train hard enough, and I'm going to try for end on the varsity."

"That will be nice," said Jane weakly.

"Nice! It'll be great if I can do it. I say, you're looking mighty fine tonight, Jane; been rubbing your cheeks? Your eyes are as shiny"—

"How mean, Bobby! Are they generally so dull?" Jane giggled nervously.

"Why did you look at the clock, Mr. Thurston?"

"My train leaves at 11," said Thurston gloomily.

"Going away, Thurston?" queried Bobby, with interest. "Where?"

"South Carolina."

"Mr. Thurston is leaving on—to live there," put in Jane hopefully.

"Oh, I say, that's great." Her effort died unnoticed. "South Carolina's a fine old place. I was there one summer. I tell you what, Thurston, they have the prettiest girls you ever saw. Jolliest, brightest things—not a bit stiff. A fellow can have a mighty good time there."

"I suppose so," said Jane stiffly. "I dare say you had a good time there yourself. Was that the summer you were expelled from college? I should not think, Bobby, that you would care to talk about it."

"Well, for heaven's sake!" cried the injured Bobby.

Thurston looked at the clock again, with ostentation.

"Won't you play the 'Serenade' for me?" asked Jane desperately.

"You know I can't play anything but 'The Good Old Summer Time,' with two fingers, and I'm too shy to play before people."

"I meant Thurston, Bobby," explained the girl, with suspicious sweetness. "I know what you can play."

Thurston stalked grimly over to the piano and dropped his hands on the keys with a thud, while Bobby sat back complacently in his chair and Jane fidgeted in hers. He struck several heavy chords, then began the tender monotone of the "Serenade," but the nervous irritation, vibrating to his finger tips, jarred the harmony and Thurston, breaking off with a discordant crash, swung round upon the stool.

"I can't play tonight," he said viciously, returning to the fireplace.

"Why, you were doing fine," said Bobby, with polite surprise. "You're too modest about it."

Thurston set his teeth, squared his shoulders and looked at the clock. It was nigh upon the eleventh hour.

"Mr. Martin," he began grimly, "I am leaving upon the 11 o'clock train tonight. This is the last opportunity I shall have of seeing Miss Wallis. When you came in I was about to ask her to marry me. I am going to ask her now. Will you defer your visit, or do you care to hear me?" Jane gasped; so did Bobby, the good hearted blunderer.

"Oh, I say," he began, springing to his feet in direst confusion. "I'm no end sorry. I wouldn't have done it for the world. What a duffer I've been. I'm awfully sorry."

"So am I," said Thurston.

"I hadn't an idea"—

"So it seems," interrupted the older man, with suppressed rage, "but since I have suggested one to you"—

"Oh, Bobby," cried Jane, with a hysterical little laugh.

"Young ass," muttered Thurston, taking a step toward Jane. Bobby fled incontinently and the door slammed behind him.

Thurston caught Jane and the violets and the violet chiffons in his arms, crushing them close.

"We don't have to say it; we know," he declared exultingly.

"Yes," said Jane with a laugh that was more than half a sob, "but we wanted a chance to say it anyhow."

A bit of coal fell from the fire to the hearth with a tiny crash.

"Was that a step in the hall?" murmured Jane. But she did not move.

BEGGARS IN INDIA.

They Are Fast Disappearing—Only About Five Million Left.

The beggar nuisance is a very common one in India, and the endeavors of the police in the large cities to put it down have met with only a limited measure of success. This is no doubt due to the fact that Indian opinion is remarkably tolerant toward sturdy beggars, especially if they wear the guise of religion. But there is reason to believe that a wholesome change is coming over the public sentiment in this as in so many other matters. There were about 5,000,000 beggars in the country at the time of the last census, and nearly one-fifth of the number was classed as religious mendicants. The number, large as it is, represented a decrease of about 7 per cent from that at the previous census, and the decline has been attributed in part to the comparatively heavy mortality among them during the famine years. But, says the report, "it is also partly attributable to the spread of education and the consequent weaker hold which the so called ascetics have on the imagination of the people," it being much less easy than it was formerly for the members of the various begging communities to unloose the purse strings of the people.

There is, happily, reason to believe that the changed feeling among the educated classes is filtering down to the lower levels. This evil is not confined to one particular community or religion. It is as rampant among the Mohammedans as among the Hindoos. The Star Jadid, an ably conducted vernacular paper, published in upper India, dealing with questions of social reform among Mohammedans, has been forcibly calling the attention of its coreligionists to the necessity of a reform in their notions of charity. Our contemporary shows by a reference to the Police Gazette that the number of Mohammedan beggars under surveillance has been rising every week. I cite instances from the records of the criminal courts to prove that some of the men who pass for religious teachers have been convicted on charges of fraud and immorality committed on the property and persons of men and women who had been misled by their religious appearance.—Times of India.

Weeds.

A weed is a plant that grows in abundance out of desired limits. Any plant may become a weed by escaping from cultivation. Many plants that with us are highly esteemed in other countries grow as weeds, while, on the other hand, our weeds are in other countries sometimes highly prized. The correct use of the word depends altogether on circumstances.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.—Pope.

THE CAPITOL AS A WHOLE.

Little Hope That It Will Ever Be Architecturally Perfect.

It is not the contention even of enthusiasts that the capitol is or ever will be a complete and perfect whole. There is little hope that it will ever be entirely finished and still less that it may attain perfection. Apropos of the dome, for instance, it may be recalled that the rhetorical and fastidious Ruskin does not admit of iron as a constructive material, and on those grounds inveighed disdainfully against the spire of Rouen cathedral. Purity and pettishness aside, there are other reasons why the building fails to conform with the essentials of really great architecture. As far as the interior is concerned, the situation is anything but sublime, and it is hence a pleasure to know that Elliott Woods, superintendent of the capitol building and grounds, has under advisement a proposition for the rehabilitation of the rotunda. Yet the faults of the capitol appear in a measure inevitable to those who know and treasure its history. Looked at broadly, they are not faults, but merely venerable shortcomings incidental to growth and development. Considering the importance of the prospective alterations and extensions, the evolution of the building seems to have entered upon an approximately final stage, and it is gratifying to know that congress, the superintendent and the consulting architects realize the dignity and seriousness of the task in hand. Something of the old simplicity should guide and chasten each effort. To this simplicity should also be added a reverence for those traditional ideals and aspirations which are, happily, a country's or an individual's most cherished heritage.

The panorama, once its several features are supplied, will present a majestic and inspiring spectacle. Grouped about the spacious court will be five superb structures—the capitol on the west, the senate and house office buildings to the north and south and the Congressional library and its companion on the east. To the average eye the capitol will offer little change. There will merely be a grateful gain in repose and proportion. It will, as before, continue the focal point, the keynote of the composition. Despite its immensity, there appears to be nothing that is pompous or pretentious in the scheme as at present outlined.

It is but the logical fulfillment of plans, long since formulated, which are the fitting symbol of a subsequent national and territorial expansion.—Christian Brinton in Century.

Beveridge Is Glad He Laughed.

"The direction of my career was completely changed," said United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge to the writer, "by a careless laugh. When I was a youth in Illinois I heard that the congressman from our district intended to hold an examination to determine what young man he should appoint to West Point. I pitched in and studied hard for that examination, and I found it easy when I came to take it. Most of the other fellows seemed to be still struggling with it when I had finished, and I was so confident that I had made few mistakes that I was in a pretty cheerful frame of mind. This is why I laughed when one of the strugglers asked a rather foolish question of the professor in charge. The latter evidently felt that the dignity of the occasion had been trifled with, for he scored 1 per cent against me. When the papers came to be corrected this loss caused me to fall one-fifth of 1 per cent below the boy who stood highest on the list. He is a captain in the army now, where I suppose I should be had it not been for that laugh. I believe in the power of cheerfulness. Looking back, I am rather glad that I laughed."—Success Magazine.

Consistency.

Herbert McFadden, at the funeral directors' annual convention in Philadelphia, declared consistency to be an overrated virtue.

"Because," he said, "we held the French method of embalming to be the best ten years ago, must we, for consistency's sake, stick to the French method now, when we know that the American method in every way surpasses it?

"These upholders of consistency would go as far as the widow who wanted to have her husband cremated.

"She took the corpse to the crematory and the manager of the place said to her:

"'We cremate here, madam, in both ways.'

"'Both ways?' she repeated, confused.

"'Yes,' he explained, 'the French way and the Italian way. Which do you prefer?'

"'Oh,' the widow said, brightening, 'the French—the French, by all means. Poor John never could bear Italian cooking!'"—Buffalo Enquirer.

A Familiar Face.

At a recent dinner of the Geodetic club Professor Shaler of Harvard told the following story on himself:

"I still remember a mental slip I made nearly thirty years ago when in Washington attending a large educational conference. I was alone in the hotel parlor waiting for two of my friends when a rather short, bearded man entered and, seeing me, advanced to shake hands with a cordial, 'Glad to see you, Professor Shaler.'

"At the moment I was unable to place him and had to confess my lapse of memory. I explained that I was meeting so many people that I could not remember the name of each, though the face might be very familiar.

"He smiled and said he quite understood and drew out his card. On it was engraved 'General Ulysses S. Grant,' and then I understood why his face was so very familiar."

Boston Wires Resent It.

Angry Patron—Hello, central! What did you cut me off for? Boston Telephone Girl—Because you used a plural noun as the subject of a singular verb. You are not allowed to do that on this line, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

Tired.

"Your account has been standing a long time, Mr. Dukey."

"Then give it a seat, my dear Shears."

"Very glad to, sir. Shall we make it a receipt?"

THE CHOLERA.

Mysterious Influences Which Retard or Accelerate Its Progress.

The sudden appearance of cholera in eastern Prussia and the presence of sixty or more cases of the disease among Russian emigrants in Hamburg awaiting transportation to America give cause not for popular alarm, but for increased watchfulness on the part of our sanitary guardians.

Epidemiologists have for some time been watching this gradual advance of cholera from the east on one of its periodical incursions into western Europe. The movement began in the latter part of 1899. Eastward the disease advanced from India rapidly, invading China and Japan. From Hongkong it passed to the Philippines, working havoc in Manila and the provinces despite the best efforts of the medical officers of the army and marine hospital service.

Its progress westward through Arabia and Persia into Russia has been more gradual. Cholera appeared in Mecca in 1902 and thence spread throughout the Mussulman world, being heard of in Egypt, Asia Minor and Persia, finally establishing itself firmly in Teheran. From this point it followed the caravan routes into Anatolia, Transcaucasia and Transcaspia, thence reaching the banks of the Volga. Here it rested for nearly eighteen months, being restrained by some mysterious influence the nature of which students of epidemics have never yet discovered, and only now has it resumed its march westward.

Why should it have remained so long in Russia and then suddenly crossed the frontier? Raftsmen were coming down the Vistula past Thorn and Kulm, and emigrants were leaving Poland and western Russia for Hamburg and Bremen, sailing thence for New York, but the disease remained behind. The Russian health officials did as little to throttle the epidemic then as they are doing now, and the communication between the Volga, where the cholera hibernated, and the Vistula, down which it is now journeying into Prussia, was just as free in the summer of 1904 as in that of 1905, but the infection refused to spread. Suddenly it takes a start, and Europe awakes to the peril of a cholera invasion.

Epidemiologists tell us that the conditions which retard or accelerate the progress of this disease are climatic conditions, but this is only a term to cloak ignorance. Pettenkofer's subsoil water theory is just as satisfactory and no more intelligible. That there is some influence which affects the virulence of the comma bacillus or which determines a greater or lesser power of resistance in the human subject must be admitted, but whether this influence is atmospheric or telluric or neither still remains a mystery.—Medical Record.

His House on His Back.

The German war office has come to the conclusion that the knapsack at present carried by the German soldier is too heavy. The heavy calfskin knapsack, in use up to the present, is being replaced by another of light waterproof canvas, and other reductions in weight are being made.

The German infantry recruit may be said to carry his house on his back. The following is a list of his baggage items:

Cooking utensils.
Various parts of a tent.
An overcoat.
Thirty rounds of ammunition.
A linen suit.
A quantity of underwear.
Two pairs of boots.
Boot brushes and blacking.
Numerous metal tools.
A hymn book.
A box for trifles.
A variety of personal articles.—Berlin Cor. London Mail.

Their Only Weapon.

A choice sample of General Patrick Collins' wit was furnished on the occasion of his return from a visit to his native sod several years ago, bringing with him a shillalah as a gift to John Boyle O'Reilly. The presentation of the gift was made the occasion of a banquet, to which a score of the friends of both these distinguished Irishmen were bidden. The postprandial exercises were something rollicking, and the climax of the fun was reached when General Collins arose to make the presentation speech. Holding the shillalah aloft, he proceeded with mock solemnity to apostrophize the historic Irish emblem. As he handed it to the recipient he said in conclusion: "Boyle O'Reilly, I now take pleasure in presenting to you this shillalah from the old sod. It is the only weapon which the British tyrant has left to the Irish people to defend them—from each other."—Boston Herald.

A Wasted Life.

The recent death of Simeon Solomon in St. Giles' workhouse brings sadly to an end the career of an artist who forty years ago was looked upon as one of the greatest of the coming men in the art world. His earliest works showed that he was a magnificent colorist and a rarely capable designer and that he had an exceptional command over intricacies of technical practice. He seemed indeed destined to take his place among the masters of imaginative painting, and that he never fulfilled this destiny has been due not to any want of public appreciation, but unfortunately to his own deficiencies of character. His habits of intemperance made impossible the proper pursuit of his profession and led him into the hand to mouth existence which has now ended tragically within the walls of a workhouse.—London Globe.

The Benefit of Contrast.

"Do you think that industry is essential to happiness?"

"A little is," answered the easy going person. "If a man had never done any work he would never realize how much comfort there is in having none to do."—Washington Star.

All For Him.

"Your fiancee seems to have a will of her own."

"Yes, and sometimes I half regret that I'm the sole beneficiary."—Philadelphia Press.